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POE'S BROTHER

The Poems of
WILLIAM HENRY LEONARD POE

Books by HERVEY ALLEN

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WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE, IN EDGAR AND HENRY POE'S DAY

From an old print

Courtesy of the Maryland Historical Society.

POE'S BROTHER

The Poems of

WILLIAM HENRY LEONARD POE

ELDER BROTHER OF EDGAR ALLAN POE
TOGETHER WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAGIC LIFE
AN EARLY ROMANCE *of* EDGAR ALLAN POE
AND SOME HITHERTO UNKNOWN INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES
of the TWO POE BROTHERS

•
ILLUSTRATED

WITH A PREFACE, INTRODUCTION, COMMENT
AND FACSIMILIES OF NEW POE
DOCUMENTS

By HERVEY ALLEN

AND

THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT



New York

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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POE'S BROTHER
—R—
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To
JOHN ERSKINE

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P R E F A C E

F EW people are even aware that Edgar Allan Poe had an elder brother. That he had, and that the relations of the two young poets were both interesting and romantic, the facts set forth in this little volume will, it is hoped, serve to make plain.

William Henry Leonard Poe, the elder brother of Edgar Allan Poe, was also a poet. He did not live long enough to show whether he too, like his younger brother, might have attained to fame. His work, however, indicating as it does a similarity in temperament and attitude, will, in view of the history of his famous brother, have a decided although secondary interest. In addition to this, the facts of their association, now the first time more fully presented, tend to throw a helpful light on one of the most obscure and mysterious passages in the life of a great poet.

The material here presented has been taken by the authors from that assembled for *Israfel, the Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe*, a complete biography of Edgar Allan Poe now in process of completion, and more specifically from the pages of an obscure Baltimore publication, *The North American*, Volume I, Nos. 1 to 28, printed and published by Samuel Sands at the North East corner of Gay and Water Streets, opposite the Exchange, Baltimore, 1827. To this obscure periodical, which began and ceased during the year mentioned, William Henry Leonard Poe,

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then a resident of Baltimore, contributed. From it are taken the only works from his pen now certainly known to exist, save the two poems printed in our Appendix. The material here collected therefore represents all the surviving prose and poetry by Poe's brother.

During the year 1827, as the contents of this book show, William Henry Leonard Poe must have been in communication with Edgar Allan Poe, then serving in the United States Army under an assumed name. Material was evidently sent to Edgar Allan Poe from Boston, or Fort Moultrie, S. C. to his elder brother in Baltimore, and some of it there republished, after alterations, in the *North American*, under William Henry Poe's initials, "W. H. P." The poems republished from *Tamerlane* are accompanied by copies of the text as they stood in Edgar's little volume; and *Dreams* is also given, by permission, from Edgar's manuscript version of about 1828, now in the Pierpont Morgan Library. In regard to the melancholy mood in which most of W. H. Poe's poetry is cast, the reader is asked to remember that the young man who composed it was only twenty years of age. He lived in a sentimental and lugubrious era, and his temperament, like that of his famous brother, was undoubtedly melancholic. To those who are not interested in this study merely from an historical standpoint, it can be confidently predicted that in Henry's effusions they will sometimes detect a certain calf-like dignity that is ludicrously grand.

P R E F A C E

This collection is printed and published primarily for the convenience of the many persons now seriously interested in the study of E. A. Poe, and because the facts here set forth, have, it is felt, a decided interest in themselves to a wider public as a fascinating piece of Americana. The source material for much of this little study can be found in the Library of Congress, where the *North American*¹ was first noticed as relating to Poe and his brother, while one of us, in company with Captain F. L. Pleadwell, was at work preparing *The Life and Works of Edward Coote Pinkney*. However, several other great libraries, and not a few individuals, have rendered us many services for which we are most grateful. In particular our thanks are due to Captain Pleadwell, who shared in the discovery; to Mr. L. H. Dielman of the Peabody Institute; to Charles Fickens, Esq., of the Maryland Historical Society; to Mr. G. N. Morgan in the Executive Assistant's Office of the Library of Congress; to Mrs. Mary Newton Stanard; to Professor George Edward Woodberry; to Prof. Killis Campbell; and to Mr. Clarence S. Brigham of the American Antiquarian Society, for personal assistance, direct or indirect. We are also grateful to the officials of the Edgar Allan Poe Shrine, of Richmond, Virginia; the Valentine Museum of Richmond; the New York Public Library and the Columbia University Library. For permission to quote from the *Edgar Allan Poe Letters in the Valen-*

¹The Library of Congress file of the papers lacks a few pages, but more perfect files are in the Maryland Historical Society, and the New York Public Library, (Dielman-Mabbott copy).

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tine Museum we are indebted to the ^{very} courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Co., as well as the authorities of the Museum, and Mrs. Stanard; and for permission to print the Wilmer MS version of *Dreams* to the Pierpont Morgan Library.

HERVEY ALLEN,
THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT.

New York City,
October 6, 1926.

POE'S BROTHER

The Poems of
WILLIAM HENRY LEONARD POE

POE'S BROTHER

The Poems of

WILLIAM HENRY LEONARD POE

AN INTRODUCTION

WILLIAM HENRY LEONARD POE, the elder brother by two years of Edgar Allan Poe, was born in Boston in 1807 while his parents, David Poe and Elizabeth Arnold Poe, were filling an engagement at the Federal Street Theatre in that city. The child seems to have first seen the light sometime between January 12, and February 22, 1807, as the unusual interruptions in the appearances of his mother, who was then playing in Shakespearian parts, *Ophelia*, *Cordelia*, and *Blanche*, indicate. The parents of the Poe boys were both poor and seem to have been unable to care for their first child, for on a visit to Baltimore during the theatrical vacation, sometime between May 25, and September 14, 1807, the boy was left with his paternal grandfather, "General" David Poe, who then resided at No. 19 Camden Street, Baltimore.¹ It was thus in the family of his grandparents that he was "adopted" and brought up.

David and Elizabeth Poe returned to play in Boston where on January 19, 1809, Mrs. Poe gave birth to her afterward famous son Edgar. Her husband David

¹The "adoption" of Henry Poe by his grandparents has hitherto been given as two years later. "Adoption" in the cases of the Poe children must not be understood in its legal sense, but merely in the meaning of "fostering."

died or deserted her in New York in July 1810, after which Mrs. Poe went South, playing in Richmond, Norfolk, Charleston, S. C., and other places in the Southern circuit. About December 10, 1810 (the date is not certain), she gave birth to her third child Rosalie in Norfolk, Virginia. These three children, William, Edgar, and Rosalie, constituted therefore the family of David and Elizabeth Poe. In December 1811, Mrs. Poe died in Richmond, Virginia, in the house of a milliner, in circumstances of great poverty and extreme tragedy. Edgar was "adopted", or taken into the house of John and Frances Allan; while Rosalie, or Rose, was taken home and cared for by a Mrs. William Mackenzie, both Mr. Allan and Mr. Mackenzie being Scotch merchants in comfortable circumstances. In the meantime William Henry Leonard Poe, the eldest born, had remained with his grandparents in Baltimore.

The first mention of "Henry," as he was called, occurs in a letter written on February 8, 1813, from Baltimore by Eliza Poe (afterwards Mrs. Herring), the aunt of Henry and Edgar, to Mrs. John Allan in Richmond. The letter deals for the most part with Edgar whom the Poes were anxious to care for, but goes on to say:

. . . Henry frequently speaks of his little brother and expressed a great desire to see him, tell him he sends his best love to him and is greatly pleased to hear that he is so good as also so pretty a boy as Mr. Douglas represented him to be. . . .¹

¹From the *Ellis & Allan* correspondence in the Library of Congress.

POE'S BROTHER

Mr. Douglas was a Baltimore gentleman who had seen young Edgar, then only four years old, in company with his foster parents, the Allans, at the Virginia Hot Springs.

Edgar's foster-mother seems to have been afraid that the Baltimore relatives might claim her little "son," and there was consequently little contact between the two orphan brothers. After the return of the Allans from England in 1820, some correspondence between the two boys seems to have taken place, for in November 1824 John Allan writes to Henry Poe, then seventeen years of age, a letter in which he complains bitterly of Edgar, attacks the legitimacy of Rosalie, and apparently attempts to estrange the two young men. In this letter there is reference to a correspondence between the two brothers as follows:¹

Richmond Nov. 1824

DEAR HENRY:

I have just seen your letter of the 25th ult. to Edgar and am much afflicted he has not written you. He has had little else to do, for me he does nothing and seems quite miserable and sulky and ill tempered to all the Family. How we have acted to produce this is beyond my conception, why I have put up so long with his conduct is little less wonderful. The boy professes not a spark of affection for us, not a particle of affection for all my care and kindness towards him. I have given [him] a much superior Education than ever I received myself. If Rosalie has to rely on any affection from him God in his mercy preserve her—I fear his associates have led him to adopt a course [?] of thinking and acting very contrary to what he professed when in

¹From the *Ellis & Allan* papers in The Library of Congress—MS copy in John Allan's hand. This was first discovered by Prof. Killis Campbell, but not fully printed until later.

POE'S BROTHER

England. I feel proudly the difference between your principles and his and hence my desire to stand as I ought to do in your Estimation. Had I done my duty as faithfully to my God as I have to Edgar, then had Death, come when he will have no terrors for me but I must end this with a devout wish that God may yet bless him and you and that success may crown all your endeavors and between you, your poor Sister Rosalie may not suffer. At least she is half your sister and God forbid my dear Henry that we should visit upon the living the errors of the dead. Believe me Dear Henry we take an affectionate interest in your destinies and our United Prayers will be that the God of Heaven will bless and protect you. Rely on him my Brave and excellent Boy who is ready to save to the uttermost. May he keep you in Danger, preserve you always is the prayer of your

Friend & Servant

[JOHN ALLAN]

It is now known that this letter was an ignoble gesture of self-defense on the part of John Allan, who hoped, by threatening to disclose a scandal involving Mrs. David Poe, to seal the lips of Edgar in regard to domestic scandals then agitating the Allan household. That Edgar's guardian was partly successful in casting a doubt upon the legitimacy of Rosalie Poe, generally spoken of as "Rose" or "Rosa", Henry's lines *In a pocketbook* would seem to indicate.¹ Thus Mr. Allan appears to have had his own private reasons for wishing to estrange the two brothers, but in this he was not successful, for sometime during the summer of 1825 William Henry Leonard Poe paid a visit to his brother Edgar Allan Poe, then living at the corner of Main and Fifth Streets in Richmond, with his

¹See Henry Poe's poem on page 41.

foster-parents the Allans. Edgar was at that time paying attention to and undoubtedly very much in love with a little girl who lived near by, Sarah Elmira Royster, and Miss Royster has left a recollection of a call at her home by the two Poe brothers in company with a friend of Edgar by the name of Ebenezer Burling.

Henry was at this time either in the Navy or the Merchant Marine, as Miss Royster remembered his appearing in a nautical uniform, seemingly that of a midshipman. As no record of Henry Poe can be found in the Navy lists, it would seem that he might have been attached to a merchantman. Yet in his Montevideo letter he seems to indicate that he was there in 1827 aboard the U.S.S. *Macedonian*, a frigate captured from the British in the War of 1812, and evidently in commission at the time Henry writes. From this one would judge that he had some rating in the regular establishment, perhaps that of midshipman, by Captain's warrant. The difficulties in the Allan household about 1825 were serious; Edgar was already alienated from his foster-father, and the visit of his blood brother at such a time must have cemented the already natural affection between the boys.

From the early poetry left by both Edgar and Henry Poe, it plainly appears that both brothers were of a similar poetically-inclined and somewhat melancholy temperament. Both inherited the same traits and predilections, and it would seem also the same weaknesses, for Henry, even earlier than Edgar, went

into ill health. He was said to have been a delicate, sensitive, and willowy youth, and it is known that he died early of tuberculosis.

Of Henry Poe's life about Baltimore of the twenties and early thirties of the last century very little is known. From a great variety of sources, hints in correspondence, and obscure recollections, it has been possible to piece together the following:

Henry Poe remained with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. David Poe, Sr., up until the time of the death of the grandfather, October 19, 1816, when the family seems to have been living at Park Lane [now Roborg Street] in the Western precincts, according to the old directories. Henry Poe seems also to have been helped and cared for by a Mr. Henry Didier, who had been a law student with David Poe, Jr., before the latter went on the stage. The widowed grandmother was left in poor circumstances, dependent on a small pension. Soon after the death of her husband she became paralyzed and went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Maria Clemm, afterwards Poe's mother-in-law, whither Henry also accompanied her.

In the meantime, however, probably about the time of the break-up of his grandparents' household, Henry went to sea. From various incidents which Edgar Poe afterwards "incorporated" into his own biography, it seems likely that Henry visited the Mediterranean, the near East, and possibly Russia. It is probable that he made one or two general European voyages and at least one to the West Indies and

South America, as he indicates himself in his work. His adventures at least furnished forth a chapter of life which was afterward appropriated and perhaps enlarged upon by his younger brother for trade purposes. It now appears, indeed, that many of the "standard" biographies of E. A. Poe are in reality partly a synthesis of Henry's and Edgar's, especially in regard to the years 1827-1829.

About the time that Edgar went to the University of Virginia in 1826, Henry Poe seems to have completed his experience at sea, for from that time on there is a fairly consecutive running reference to him as being in Baltimore. F. W. Thomas, afterwards Edgar's close friend, says of Henry about 1826:

Your brother and I were then intimate—and rather rivals in a love affair."¹

Thomas was then living in Baltimore and much about town with a rather gay young literary, social, and political set to which Henry Poe must also have belonged.

It was a strange society—wherein literary men were respected, though their conduct was often far from respectable, and the gifts of the Muses are said to have been an "open sesame" to the houses of cultured people. The members of the Delphian Club drank deep and told facetious stories over bowls of punch. Gentlemen were proud to write poetry—and of not being paid for it. The author of *The-Star Spangled Banner* was a man of affairs, nor was he the only

¹F. W. Thomas to E. A. Poe, Washington, 3 August, 1841.

prominent citizen who filled the Albums of young ladies with sentimental verse. John Neal had recently gone from Baltimore to England to tell our British cousins with delightful *sang froid* and inaccuracy what was what in American literature. And among them moved the tragic and gallant figure of Edward Coote Pinkney, the author of "I raise this cup to one made up of loveliness alone"—and two or three other lyrics, which are the finest before Edgar Poe's, in America. One wishes one could picture Henry Poe in his company—both had been to sea. But Pinkney was the son of an Attorney-General of the United States. He was a reserved and punctilious man, and Thomas admits he knew him but slightly—perhaps a few meetings at Coale's bookstore were the extent of his acquaintance—before Pinkney died at less than twenty-six, the victim of a tropical disease. Yet Henry must have seen him often, since he edited a paper which was printed by Samuel Sands, who had run the *North American*. And we can guess that Henry Poe and Thomas were often enough in company with Lambert A. Wilmer at Mistress Foy's Tavern where Hewitt and Rufus Dawes might drop in for talk and song and punch.

Henry is known to have been rather wild, to have early developed a fondness for drink, to have been fond of female society—and to have died young. That he must also have possessed a considerable charm, not a little latent talent, a somewhat precocious development, and a vivid imagination,—what



CITY ASSEMBLY ROOM AND LIBRARY.



CITY SPRING—CALVERT STREET.

Courtesy of the Maryland Historical Society.

little we have from his immature pen seems clearly to indicate. In appearance he was said to have resembled his brother Edgar, but to have been somewhat taller. From 1826 on, Henry's whereabouts and what scanty information we have about his doings must be traced mainly through those of his brother Edgar.

Edgar Poe matriculated at the University of Virginia February 14, 1826. Before leaving Richmond he had obtained the promise of Sarah Elmira Royster to marry him, and upon departure had presented her with a purse engraved with initials in which the engraver had made an error. It is also known that he sent back a letter to his sweetheart by James Hill, the Allans' darky coachman and slave, who drove Poe and his foster-mother to the University. This was probably the last letter which Elmira, or "Myra" as he called her, received from Poe until a year or so before his death (1849), when he again became engaged to her. Owing to Mr. Allan's undoubtedly calculated parsimony Poe was in debt upon his arrival at the University from shortage of funds, and the young Edgar engaged in the game of Loo at which he was unfortunate. Having no cash, he exploited his credit with Charlottesville merchants and ran up a considerable debt in order to pay his classmates. Poe had plunged deeper than he realized, and when Mr. Allan was presented with the bills, *he took the opportunity* of removing Poe from the University at the end of the year. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Royster had

TAMERLANE

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are vain,
And make mistakes for manhood to refrain.



BOSTON:

CALVIN F. S. THOMAS, PRINTER.

1827.

Advertisement

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FRONT AND BACK WRAPPERS OF *Tamerlane*, EDGAR POE'S FIRST BOOK FROM WHICH HENRY POE
REPUBLICATED STANZAS IN THE *North American* IN BALTIMORE.

Courtesy of John T. Snyder, Esq., of Pelham, N. Y.

intercepted all of Edgar's letters to Elmira, and had persuaded their daughter to become engaged to a Mr. A. Barret Shelton, a young gentleman of considerable means and some social status. The Roysters had at one time loaned Mr. Allan considerable sums and were well enough known to him to be assured that Poe's prospects for an inheritance, although he had been brought up as a foster-son, were nil. Otherwise it is not likely that they would have opposed his suit.

Thus upon returning to Richmond, Poe found that his sweetheart, who doubtless supposed him indifferent, had been removed and was engaged to his rival. The blow was a telling one. Edgar was heart-broken, pursued by warrants for debt, and in disgrace with his "father," who desired him to be a lawyer. He quarreled with Mr. Allan and left home, going to Boston under the assumed name of *Henri Le Rennét*. Here, probably on a little money furnished him by Mrs. Allan and his "Aunt", Miss Anne Valentine, he published his first volume of poems called *Tamerlane and other Poems*, printed by a tyro printer named Calvin F. S. Thomas. The title poem dealt with Edgar's love affair with Elmira Royster.

It now seems, from poetry published by Henry Poe in Baltimore in 1827 in the *North American*, here reproduced (see pages 43 and 50) that Poe sent a copy of this book to his elder brother who inserted certain selections from it in the magazine mentioned, over his own initials. Edgar seems also to have written the full particulars of his tragic little love affair to

William Henry Poe in Baltimore, after arriving at Boston or Fort Moultrie, S. C.

It was in the late summer and autumn of 1827 that Edgar communicated with his brother Henry. The result of these communications may be read in *The Pirate*, here printed for the first time since it appeared almost a century ago in Baltimore. Whether the story is by E. A. Poe or a romantic rendering of Edgar's letters by William Henry Poe, is hard to tell, but the latter is more probable. There is some indication in the story, as the careful reader will see, that Henry Poe *may* have called in a ship on the way to or from the West Indies at Charleston and there had an interview with young Edgar at Fort Moultrie. Edgar is described in the person of the pirate who cares for the narrator while the latter was ill with yellow fever. Charleston was haunted with yellow fever which lends some "local color" to the probability. This is doubtful, however. Although he seems anxious to disclaim *full* credit for the tale in his curious introductory note, we may notice that the story *Recollections*, in which Edgar figures, is clearly by Henry alone.

In February 1827, Henry was in Montevideo—a little later in the year we find him in Baltimore and writing constantly for the *North American*. Perhaps after 1827 he went no more to sea. In 1829 Henry Poe was known to have been employed in the office of Henry Didier, and to have been living with Mrs. Maria Clemm, his aunt, in Mechanics Row, Milk Street, Baltimore. He must also have been entering

now upon his period of decline, for in 1829 there is record of his illness and despairing drinking. A short time later he died of tuberculosis at Mrs. Clemm's.

The probabilities are, therefore, that the material that appeared in the *North American* in 1827 was his own, and the poems by Edgar copied from *Tamerlane*. Henry perceived that his brother's love affair with Elmira Royster was exactly the tragic-romantic type of star-crossed lover plot which most tickled the sentimental-lugubrious palate of the period and appealed especially to romantic youth. That Edgar had lost his sweetheart and run away on an adventurous career was an opportunity which Henry could not neglect. Hence, *The Pirate*. That this story refers to the Elmira incident there cannot be the shadow of doubt. Henry had been taken to call upon her; Edgar had written him the later particulars. It was enough. In the story we find Edgar's appearance as the "young pirate" aptly described, his assumed age carefully given, the name of "Rose", the Poes' sister, substituted for Elmira, and Edgar and Edgar-Leonard, the names of the two Poe brothers, intertwined. The incident of the lover's return, when he finds his sweetheart about to be married to another, is almost literally Edgar's experience after coming back from the University in 1826. The rest is an easy piece of romance. Pirates in the West Indies, the Floridas and Carolinas were then not uncommon, and William Henry Leonard Poe had been to sea. It is all very characteristic of both youths, and of the era.

The strong family affection that existed between all the Poes is strikingly illustrated in the little poem on the locks of the father's, mother's, and sweetheart's hair mingled, *In a Pocketbook*. While it is possible that Henry really had a sweetheart named Rosa, it is more probable that the verses originally referred to the sister, but were published by Henry under the belief that the ordinary reader would interpret the family poem romantically.

There is no doubt that the bringing to light of these stanzas and prose offerings by Henry Poe raises a great many questions over which critics may wrangle; and suggests, in fact proves, a much closer and more significant and affectionate contact between the two young brothers than has ever been suspected heretofore. Perhaps the most interesting point of all is the proof of the existence of a talent in Henry similar though hardly equal to what Edgar had exhibited at that early date, and of a similarity of temperament in the two brothers that may throw a helpful light on their heredity, mental and physical. There can be little doubt that Henry was determined to be a poet. We know that Edgar was. There are lines of hitherto unknown poetry by Edgar Poe written certainly as early as 1824 when the boy was only fourteen years of age. This tends to confirm Edgar Poe's statements in his preface to *Tamerlane*.

It is now in order to detail what is known of the rest of Henry Poe's short life. In 1829 Poe returned to Richmond, left the army, visited Washington, and

then went to live for a while in Baltimore during the summer and winter of 1829. At that time he lived, certainly for a while, with Henry, his Aunt Mrs. Clemm, and the little girl Virginia whom he afterward married. On May 20, 1829, Edgar Poe writes to John Allan from Baltimore, "*I have succeeded in finding Grandmother and my relatives.*"¹ On August 10, 1829 Edgar Poe, still in Baltimore, again writes to John Allan, "*My Grandmother is extremely poor and ill (paralytic). My Aunt Maria [Mrs. Clemm] if possible still worse and Henry entirely given over to drink and unable to help himself, much less me*"¹—a statement that sufficiently indicates Henry's condition at the time. In July 1830 Edgar entered West Point and we again hear of Henry through him in another letter to John Allan, June 28, (1830), "*I take the first opportunity since arriving here of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of 21st May inclosing a U. S. note for \$20 I received it three days ago—it has been lying some time in the W. P. post office where it was forwarded from Baltimore, by Henry.*"¹ On his way to West Point from Richmond Edgar had again visited his brother Henry in Baltimore in May and June 1830.

Edgar Poe left West Point about February 18, 1831, after being dismissed by court martial. He stayed a short time in New York and evidently arrived in Baltimore about the end of March 1831 when he went to live with his Aunt Maria Clemm at Mechanics

¹Edgar Allan Poe Letters in the Valentine Museum, courtesy of the Valentine Museum, Richmond, Va.

POE'S BROTHER

Row, Milk Street, in the Fells Point district. There were then in the household, Mrs. Clemm, Virginia Clemm, old Mrs. David Poe, the grandmother, Henry Poe, Henry Clemm, and to them was now added Edgar. Henry Poe was very ill; was dying, in fact. Edgar must have spent much of his time nursing his elder brother for whom he had gone into debt. On August 2, 1831, the following notice appeared in the *Baltimore American*:

"Died last evening W. H. Poe aged 24 years. His friends and acquaintances are invited to attend his funeral this morning at 9 from the dwelling of Mrs. Clemm in Milk Street."

William Henry Leonard Poe was buried in the graveyard of the old First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore where his immortal brother now lies. Edgar Allan Poe survived him by eighteen years. The sorrow of following to the grave this beloved elder brother, cut off in his early manhood, is one of the many tragedies of Edgar Poe's own youth which his biographers have for the most part overlooked. For Edgar there was what threatened to be a very tragic aftermath.

Baltimore
Nov. 18, 1831

My dear Pa (To John Allan)

I am in great distress and have no other friend on earth to apply to except yourself if you refuse to help me I know not what I shall do. I was arrested eleven days ago for a debt which I never expected to have to pay and which was incurred as much on H[enr]y's account as on my own about two years ago. . . .¹

¹Edgar Allan Poe Letters in the Valentine Museum, Courtesy of the Valentine Museum, Richmond, Va.

POE'S BROTHER

In 1829 it seems *probable* that Poe had endorsed a note for his brother Henry. With his elder brother's death the payment fell on Edgar and threatened him with prison. One senses behind all this the youthful hopes, the passionate and romantic attachment of the two orphaned brothers, hours of intimate talk, the two heads bent over the lines of their first poetry—poverty, sickness, the last agony, and despair.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM HENRY LEONARD POE

TOGETHER WITH SOME PROSE
DEALING WITH HIS
BROTHER
EDGAR ALLAN POE

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS E. S. B.

DIED IN JUNE, 1827—AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS.

The eye which once with sweetest beauty shone,
E'en like the star, that lights the summer even;
The smile that gladden'd, and the heart that won,
Are fled from us to their more kindred heaven.

And shall we mourn? May we then dare repine?
And wish thee longer in this world of woe!

Yon heaven was formed for souls as pure as thine—
Then why not smile, and gladly bid thee go!

Perhaps in some soft hour—when all is bright,
And earth partakes of beauty with the sky;—
When stars are shining with their purest light,
And all with thee is minstrelsy:

E'en in that hour—when hearts approach the throne
Of Him who smiles on innocence like thine,
Thou'lt pray for those who would like thee be gone,
Who languish here—sad for thy brightness pine.

W. H. P.

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN.

OH! GIVE THAT SMILE.

Ain—Oh teach me how from love to fly.

Oh! give that smile—that smile again,

Tho' e'en from thee I sever,

Thro' years of joy, of care or pain,

I'll ne'er forget—no—never!

Dear woman's eye may oft be met,

And friendship's voice may greet,

Yet still I never can forget,

The smile which beam'd so sweet.

Tho' pleasure sparkle on my brow,

And glad this heart the while,

Yet even these—as e'en 'tis now,

I'll ne'er forget thy smile.

Ah! fare thee well! yet smile again,

Tho' now from thee I sever,—

Thro' years of care—of joy or pain.

I'll ne'er forget—no—never! W. H. P.

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN.

In a pocket book I lately found three locks of hair, from which originated the following lines:—

My Father's!—I will bless it yet—
For thou hast given life to me:
Tho' poor the boon—I'll ne'er forget
The filial love I owe to thee.
My Mother's, too!—then let me press
This gift of her I loved so well,—
For I have had thy last caress,
And heard thy long, thy last farewell.
My Rosa's! pain doth dim my eye,
When gazing on this pledge of thine—
Thou wer't a dream—a falsity—
Alas!—'tis wrong to call thee mine!
A Father! he hath loved indeed!
A mother! she hath blessed her son,—
But LOVE is like the pois'ning weed,
That taints the air it lives upon.

W. H. P.

This is one of the most important contributions made by Henry Poe as it obviously refers to a pocketbook belonging to Mrs. David Poe which contained locks of hair of his father David, his mother Elizabeth Arnold Poe, and his sister Rosalie, probably Henry's only inheritance from his parents.

The "importance" of this family poem lies in the fact that Henry in the last two stanzas quite patently hints that Rosalie was illegitimate, the child of love, and therefore only his half-sister, though he does not make clear whether his father's or his mother's. Compare this poem with John Allan's letter to Henry Poe on page 21. Whether or not there was any truth in the charge it certainly disturbed the writer of the poem. It must be remembered that in publishing his lines, Henry Poe did not intentionally air a family scandal in any case, since the readers of his own day, unacquainted with Allan's letters, might be expected with confidence to interpret the poem romantically.

From Edgar Poe's *Tamerlane* volume:

THE happiest day—the happiest hour
My sear'd and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride, and power,
I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I? yes! such I ween
But they have vanish'd long alas!
The visions of my youth have been—
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may ev'n inherit
The venom thou hast pour'd on me—
Be still my spirit!

The happiest day—the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see—have ever seen
The brightest glance of pride and power
I feel—have been:

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offer'd, with the pain
Even *then* I felt—that brightest hour
I would not live again:

For on its wing was dark alloy.
And as it flutter'd—fell
An essence—powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.

As published by Edgar Allan Poe in *Tamerlane*, Boston, 1827, pp. 33-34. Reprinted here for comparison with the stanzas signed "W. H. P." on the following page. Poe is probably referring here to events occurring just prior to his leaving Richmond in March 1827.

[ORIGINAL.]

The happiest day—the happiest hour,
My sear'd and blighted heart has known.
The brightest glance of pride and power
I feel has flown—

Of power said I? Yes, such I ween—
But it has vanish'd—long, alas!
The visions of my youth have been—
But let them pass—

And pride! what have I now with thee?
Another brow may e'en inherit
The venom thou hast pour'd on me:
Be still my spirit.

The smile of love—soft friendship's charm—
Bright hope itself has fled at last,
'T will ne'er again my bosom warm—
'Tis ever past.

The happiest day,—the happiest hour,
Mine eyes shall see,—have ever seen,—
The brightest glance of pride and power,
I feel has been. W. H. P.

Stanzas taken in part from Edgar Poe's first volume, *Tamerlane*, published in Boston in 1827, and republished by William Henry Poe in the *North American* in Baltimore. For convenience, the same poem as it appeared in *Tamerlane* is printed on the preceding page. It is not improbable that the changes were made by Edgar's direction, for he was always reworking his verses. But there is an unromantic chance that the poem was reduced in size to fill the desired space in the paper. In any case it will be observed that the next poem by Edgar is more carefully marked "Extract".

FOREIGN SCENES AND CUSTOMS.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN.

MONTE VIDEO.

After a passage in which we had the usual quantity of good and bad weather, we arrived at the entrance of the River Plate, where we saw a large Brazilian fleet at anchor—Not caring to be overhauled, and feeling a little proud of our vessel, we determined to shew them it was in our power, and not in theirs, whether we would submit to it or not—and so it proved, for the vessel they had sent in chase of us, whether from fear, as we looked “*rakish*,” or from dull sailing, was soon far behind, and ere night we had lost sight of her entirely. As we were now near the place of destination, Monte Video, we anchored until the coming day—our captain, with that caution so natural to a yankee, would not risk his vessel at the very port, after having successfully passed the dangers of “*The dark and stormy ocean*.”

It was almost sun-down when we arrived at the harbor, and there was something sombre and gloomy in the place which I did not like—perhaps the number of vessels which had seen their best days, and have by accident or design drifted on shore: or the gloomy towers of their large cathedral,—the low long dark buildings designed for barracks and hospitals—to which you may add a dark evening,—caused the feeling, but certain it is, the place made an unfavorable impression on me, although during my stay there I found it the very reverse of what I at first anticipated. Yet when I think of it, the impressions of my mind on first beholding the city, still forcibly revert back, notwithstanding the subsequent proof of the incorrectness with which they were formed:—so firmly does first ideas cling to the remembrance.

Monte Video is at present in possession of the Brazilians—but the Patriots were almost at the very gates, and it was a common occurrence to observe a skirmish between parties of the contending armies;—but whether it was the effusion of some hot-headed young officer, who thought it a pleasant way of ending the day, or was dictated by the more experienced head of age, I cannot determine; but the former opinion seems the most probable, as no benefit could be expected by either party from their occurrence, and they generally ended with the loss of two or three killed or wounded on either side.

I had the good fortune to be there during the Carnival—I say good fortune, but I think I am rather wrong, as I received some not very agreeable effects of their frolic—however, as I witnessed something novel, and as we must generally contribute in some manner for the indulgence of our curiosity, I must fain be satisfied. The officers of the French Corvette *Zelé*, then in port, with the gaiety peculiar to their nation, appeared to be in their proper element. On the morning of the first day, their largest boat, manned with sixteen oars, and the white pennon of France flying, was seen approaching the town. In her bows, leaning on a staff and dressed only in a pair of tarry trowsers and tarpaulin hat, was a person whom I had taken for a negro, and it was therefore with no small surprise that I learnt he was the captain of the corvette—In the stern were seven or eight other officers, all in masquerade dresses. As this was the first scene of the kind which I had ever beheld, you may be assured it afforded me considerable amusement.

In strolling through the streets gazing at the strange figures before me, I received a blow, which gave me,—not the appendage of a gentleman,—in the appearance of an essential member of my physiognomy. Surprised at this unlooked for compliment, I turned round as hastily as the effects of my mishap would permit, and discovered that the persons who had thus cavalierly treated me, were some young ladies, stationed on a neighboring terrace, who immediately began to pelt me with eggs filled with cologne water, and from one of which well-aimed missiles I received the mark, which, in my own country, would have caused a suspension of my perambulations for some time—I was afterwards informed that it was a great compliment to be noticed in so *striking* a manner by the fair ones of the city—but notwithstanding this intimation, I felt no anxiety to receive any more of them, if they were to be conferred in a similar coin.

The commerce of Monte Video is not very great. Its imports are beef, pork, soap, wines, brandy, gin, &c. Its exports are principally hides and horns, but vessels generally return from thence in ballast, as hides are frequently shipped at a great loss. It can never be a place of much trade—the harbour is gradually filling up, and vessels drawing more than sixteen feet water cannot come within some miles of the town—and lying in the open roads is very dangerous, as the anchorage is not good, and the heavy gales which are so frequent, have driven many a gallant ship from its proper ele-

ment to the land. The Macedonian dragged her anchors to within an hundred yards of a reef—and our commodore after that, at the least appearance of a blow, had every thing safe and snug.

The inhabitants of Monte Video are principally Portuguese—but there are many Americans and Englishmen in the place. all intent on making money,—no matter how. It is an actual fact, that most of the vessels which have forced the blockade and arrived at Buenos Ayres, were first purchased at Monte Video—and I have many reasons to believe that the principal authorities wink at the procedure. The inhabitants are generally believed to be in favor of the Patriots, but if so, they do not and dare not openly avow it.

Peaches, apples, melons, &c. are now (February,) in great plenty; and, whilst I am complaining of the warmth, you are no doubt blowing your fingers, and wishing for a residence in a milder clime. But with all the novelties and all the attractions which a foreign country possesses, still in the midst of pleasure the heart will turn to its home, and long to be there. There is something in its very name, which crowds the mind with such pleasurable sensations that it is impossible to describe them.

As an instance of the kindly feeling with which our countrymen greet each other in a foreign laad, I will state a little circumstance that transpired whilst at Monte Video. One Sunday a friend and myself had strayed a short distance out of the gates, when we perceived two persons approaching us: I do not know if it was instinct, but I immediately fancied they were my countrymen—and I told my companion loud enough for them to hear, that I thought they were yankees—“You’ve guessed right,” says one; and in fifteen minutes we were almost as well acquainted as if we had been brothers—and I verily believe I never passed a more pleasant afternoon.

But I had nearly forgotten the ladies, who of course are entitled to some notice in my attempt to describe their city. They are generally rather handsome, with somewhat of the Spanish cast—and so far from being disinclined to intimacy with foreigners, as most of their countrymen are, many have intermarried with the English and Americans resident here, and are gradually losing that restraint imposed on their sex in Catholic countries. I am, &c. W. H. P.

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN.

TO B.

Nay—'tis not so—it cannot be—
Those feelings ne'er will come again;
I gave my heart—my soul to thee,
And madly clasped the burning chain.

'Tis sever'd now—and like the slave
When freed, will scorn the bars he wore,
And feels he would prefer the grave
Than wear those galling fetters more—

Yet not like him—for memory brings
A tear to joys—to pleasures fled—
A something which still fondly clings—
“ 'Tis vainly mourning o'er the dead.”

It cannot be! for pride will now
Relieve the anguish of my heart—
Thy faithless pledge! thy broken vow!
'Tis fit—'tis meet—that we should part. W. H. P.

[ORIGINAL.]

I've lov'd thee—but those hours are past
That bound my heart in woman's wiles:
I've lov'd thee—but my fate is cast—
I trust no more to woman's smiles.

To give a heart, as true as mine—
A soul,—whose hope was all in thee—
To love,—ay, love—till t'were a crime,
A dream—a madness—phantasy.

Yet still the pride, which once was mine,
Has come with all its force again—
And yet those eyes,—those words of thine,
Hath wrung my heart with wildest pain.

But fare thee well—I tremble not—
'Tis madness too from thee to part—
To be as lost—as dead—forgot!—
Be still my wayward breaking heart!

W. H. P.

[ORIGINAL.]

Scenes of my love! of boyhood's thoughtless hour!
I bid you now a long, a sad farewell;
Vision of Glory! where is now thy power!
Ah! where the charm that would my bosom swell.

The day of joy is gone, and veil'd the light
That shone on days too bright—too fair to last;—
My life is now a chill and starless night,
And memory weeps with bitter tears the past.

The friends so loved—from them too I must fly—
The grave—the gay—the love of youth's first spring,
When no sad tear had dimmed my laughing eye,
And all was fancy's wish imagining.

Yes, all farewell! our gallant bark flies fast—
My native land gleams faintly on my view;
One more fond look—that look perhaps the last—
A long farewell—a mournful, sad adieu.

W. H. P.

Edgar Allan Poe's poem, *Dreams*, as published in
Tamerlane:

DREAMS

OH! that my young life were a lasting dream!
My spirit not awak'ning, till the beam
Of an Eternity should bring the morrow.
Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,
'T were better than the cold reality
Of waking life, to him whose heart must be,
And hath been still, upon the lovely earth,
A chaos of deep passion, from his birth.
But should it be—that dream eternally
Continuing—as dreams have been to me
In my young boyhood—should it thus be giv'n,
'T were folly still to hope for higher Heav'n.
For I have revell'd when the sun was bright
I' the summer sky, in dreams of living light,
And loveliness,—have left my very heart
Inclines of my imaginary apart
From mine own home, with beings that have been
Of mine own thought—what more could I have seen?
'T was once—and only once—and the wild hour
From my remembrance shall not pass—some power
Or spell had bound me—'t was the chilly wind
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind
Its image on my spirit—or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon
Too coldly—or the stars—howe'er it was
That dream was as that night-wind—let it pass.

I have been happy, tho' in a dream.
I have been happy—and I love the theme:
Dreams! in their vivid colouring of life
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife
Of semblance with reality which brings
To the delirious eye, more lovely things
Of Paradise and Love—and all our own!
Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.

"Dreams" as printed by Edgar A. Poe in *Tamerlane*, on pages 26 and 27. Title was given, last ten lines on page 27. This text compared with original *Tamerlane* text. Reprinted here for comparison with stanzas on following page.

Extract—"DREAMS."

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!
 My spirit not awak'ning till the beam
 Of an Eternity should bring the morrow—
 Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,
 'Twere better than the cold reality
 Of waking life to him whose heart shall be,
 And hath been still upon the lovely earth
 A chaos of deep passion from his birth—
 But should it be (that dream) eternally
 Continuing—as dreams ~~have been~~ to me
 In my young boyhood—should it thus be given
 'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven!
 For I have revell'd when the sun was bright
 In the summer sky, in dreams of living light
 And loveliness—have left my very heart
 In climes of mine imagining—apart
 From mine own home—with beings that have been
 Of mine own thought—what more could I have seen?
 'Twas once—and only once (and the wild hour
 From my remembering shall not pass) some power
 Or spell, had bound me—'twas 'he chilly wind
 Came o'er me in the night and left behind
 Its image on my spirit—or the moon
 Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon.
 Too coldly—or the stars—howe'er it was—
 That dream was as that night-wind—let it pass—
 I have been happy—tho' but in a dream
 I have been happy—and I love the theme.
 Dreams in their vivid colouring of life—
 As in that fleeting—shadowy—misty strife
 Of semblance with reality, which brings
 To the delirious eye more lovely things
 Of Paradise and Love (and all our own!)—
 Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.

W. H. P.

This version of the poem, although over the signature of "W. H. P." seems to be carefully distinguished as an "Extract". It will be seen by comparing this with the version from the original *Tamerlane* volume of 1827 that the ugly misprints have been corrected, and some readings changed. This was probably done at Edgar's request, as most of the changes are retained, and a few more made in Edgar's own autograph copy of the poem of about 1828, among the "Wilmer MSS" in the Pierpont Morgan Library. That final version of the poem is given on a following page, so that the reader may observe the characteristic gradual minute revision.

The version of 1828

DREAMS

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!
My spirit not awak'ning till the beam
Of an Eternity should bring the morrow:
Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,
'Twere better than the dull reality
Of waking life to him whose heart shall be,
And hath been ever, on the chilly earth,
A chaos of deep passion from his birth!
But should it be—that dream eternally
Continuing—as dreams have been to me
In my young boyhood—should it thus be given,
'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven!
For I have revell'd, when the sun was bright
In the summer sky; in dreamy fields of light,
And left unheeding my very heart
In climes of mine imagining—apart
From mine own home, with beings that have been
Of mine own thought—what more could I have seen?
'Twas once and *only* once and the wild hour
From my remembrance shall not pass—some power
Or spell had bound me—'twas the chilly wind
Came o'er me in the night and left behind
Its image on my spirit, or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon
Too coldly—or the stars—howe'er it was
That dream was as that night wind—let it pass.
I have been happy—tho' but in a dream
I have been happy—and I love the theme—
Dreams! in their vivid colouring of life—
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife
Of semblance with reality which brings
To the delirious eye more lovely things
Of Paradise and Love—and all our own!
Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.

The final text of the poem, from Edgar's autograph copy, among the Wilmer MSS. (circa 1828) in the Pierpont Morgan Library, here printed by permission. Note that most of the variants of the *North American* from the *Tamerlane* text are retained, which suggests they were due to Edgar himself.

THE PIRATE

THE PIRATE was published by William Henry Poe on pages 189 and 190 of the *North American* for Saturday, November 27, 1827, Vol. I, No. 24. By that date Edgar Poe had been in garrison at Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C., for about three weeks, sufficient time for him to have communicated with his brother Henry in Baltimore.

This story simply continues the Elmira incident previously treated in *Tamerlane*, and adapts it to the new environment at Charleston. The heroine is given the name of *Rose*, that of the Poes' sister. The hero is given the name of *Edgar*, and *Edgar-Leonard*, the names of the two Poe brothers. Leonard was William Henry Leonard Poe's third name. The appearance of Edgar Poe is well described in the young pirate captain. Henry Poe had been to sea, pirates were then common in southern waters—and the rest is romantic fiction. The calendar seems to preclude the possibility of Henry Poe's having called at Charleston in November, for he had been contributing to the *North American* in Baltimore for some time previous.¹

The disclaimer in the opening note that W. H. P. originated the story, and some of the sentences suggest that Edgar may have written the tale at least in part. The Byronic quotation—from near the begin-

¹Edgar Poe sailed from Boston Harbor on October 30, 1827, under military orders to take up garrison duty with his regiment, the First U. S. Artillery, at Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor, Sullivan's Island, S. C.

POE'S BROTHER

ning of Canto IV of *Don Juan*—is near two lines Poe elsewhere quoted and echoed. In any case the significance of this tale to the biography of Poe should not be underrated.

To the Editor of the North American.

On my last voyage to the West Indies, a friend whom I met after a long separation, related to me the following adventure, and as it appeared singular and romantic, I made a memorandum of it, and I now transcribe it from my "log book" for your use, which you are at liberty to do with as you may deem proper. Yours,
W. H. P.

THE PIRATE.

I went to the Havana in the summer of 182-, on business, and having settled it to my satisfaction, engaged my passage in a vessel bound to New York—We had been but a few hours on the voyage when I felt that weariness and pain which indicates the approach of the yellow fever. I continued to grow worse, and to add to my distress, the vessel began to roll violently and sea-sickness with all its horrors came upon me—I would have sacrificed every thing for a quiet place, in which to die, as I felt that this was all I could wish for. Overcome at length with weakness, and completely exhausted, I fell asleep, from which I was awakened by a confused noise. I at first believed it was merely imagination, but as it became louder, I felt convinced that what I heard was a reality. At length the cabin door opened, and several persons descended. Our captain approached my berth and told me the vessel had been captured by pirates, and that we were now standing in for the land. I heard the first part of his speech with an apathy which my illness only can account for;—but the very name of land seemed to operate like a charm upon me. A young man now approached and told me to be under no apprehension, as no personal injury was intended, and that every care should be bestowed upon me. He inquired the nature and state of my disease, and brought me a cordial, which considerably relieved me. In a short time we were at anchor, and I was told our vessel would be detained for a day or two, and after a few articles had been taken out, permitted to proceed on her voyage. The same person subsequently entered, and observed that I could be much better attended on shore, where I would be relieved from the bustle and confusion of the vessel. To this I cheerfully assented, and in the afternoon I was placed in a boat and carried to a hut near the beach;—here I was treated kindly, and every attention paid me. I had been three days on shore when the young man

(whom I now discovered to be captain of the corsair) arrived, and told me our vessel would sail in an hour, and if I wished to proceed in her I was at liberty to do so, although he remarked, in my present state it would no doubt cost me my life:—and that if I would trust to him, and could bear the detention of a month or so, he would convey me to some part of Cuba, from whence I could easily procure a passage home. Believing a removal in my present state would be almost certain death, added to a strong desire to know more of a man who appeared so different from what I had heard of men engaged in the profession with which he was connected, made me assent to his proposal. In about a week I was decidedly convalescent, and I felt really grateful for the kindness of the youthful outlaw. One evening on entering my room he expressed himself gratified to see me so much recovered, as he was to sail in the morning for the other side of the islands, and it was his wish that I should accompany him, as it was likely he would fall in with some vessel bound to the United States, and I could thus get home—the next morning we were underweigh.

It was near midnight when I was awakened by a deep groan in the cabin in which I slept—I raised my head and perceived the captain gazing on a small but beautiful dagger, which he was holding to the light as if to see more plainly—before him on the table, as well as I could judge, lay a miniature—he was in tears, and appeared much affected—In a few moments he placed them in his desk and went on deck. I mused some time on the singularity of this man, who seemed fitted for a situation better than that of a piratical captain;—he was rather small in his person, but well formed—and been handsome, I should think, but sorrow seemed to have set her seal upon his brow; his hair exhibited the marks of premature old age, although he could not be more than twenty-three.

The next night I determined to watch and see if he would again look at the dagger—he at length came down, and after sitting some time in a contemplative posture, opened the desk and again the dagger met my eye—Curiosity could bear it no longer—“What a singularly beautiful dirk,” I exclaimed—he started as if he had been shot, but suddenly recovering himself, said, with a look which seemed as if he would reach my very thoughts, “Why did you make that remark?” I felt abashed, but he immediately added, “Since you appear anxious to know my history, I will tell it you. Do you see that,” he exclaimed, as he moved the light nearer and placed the dagger before me—“’Tis blood,” I answered, sickening at

the sight—"Ay, 'tis blood!—blood! to save one drop of which I would give all this miserable body contains—and yet," added he, wildly, "'twas I that shed it!"—He buried his face in his hands and groaned deeply—in a few moments he became more composed, and began his story.

"The events of my boyhood I pass over— suffice it to say, I lost my parents at an early age, and was left to the care of a relation. I received a good education, and knew sorrow but by name until I had attained my eighteenth year. I then began a new existence—I was in love—Yes! if ever a man loved passionately—intensely,—I did. I was singular, romantic in my ideas, and Rosalie was equally so. I will pass over the few happy hours of our affection—they would be tedious, and I would not wish to bring them to my mind too forcibly—she promised me her hand, and declared that none but myself should ever possess it—Oh! my friend, you are young—but beware how you entrust your heart and happiness into the keeping of a woman!—it is this that has brought me to what I am—a wretched outcast—a murderer!—a broken-hearted, desperate being!"—The perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead—after a pause of a moment he continued:

"I was too much restricted by poverty to marry—but I believed that I possessed talents which would place me beyond the reach of its effects—I accordingly embraced an offer from a friend to engage in a trading voyage to the West Indies, and as my health was delicate, my friends considered the climate would restore my frame to its usual vigour. I had a farewell to home and to Rosalie—that kiss!—that farewell kiss, was our last.

We were detained nearly a year trading to different ports, and altho' I had written home every opportunity, had never received an answer. It was with such feelings of rapturous joy which language is incapable of defining, that I saw our vessel fast approaching my native land—a thousand endearing recollections rushed on my mind—the thought that my Rosalie was false, had never entered my brain—I would have blushed if it had done so.

It was night when our boat landed me at the wharf, and I flew with a beating heart towards her dwelling.

I forgot to mention the dagger—I purchased it with some other trinkets on account of its beauty, and had that day carelessly put it in my waistcoat pocket.

There were lights in the front of the house and I heard music—I wished to see her alone, and went to the garden gate—

every thing reminded me of the blissful hours I had passed—I walked towards the servants' houses, intending to get one of them to carry a message to Rose. The first one I met had often carried letters between us—but she did not recognize me, until I spoke, when she exclaimed, "O Lord! Master Edgar is it you!—Miss Rose is to be married in half an hour!" and burst into tears. I have often since been surprised at my own firmness, for I listened calmly to her tale!—'twas short—a wealthy suitor had been proposed and was accepted. I asked if she could not procure me an interview—that, she said was impossible, but if I would stand in the passage I might see her as she passed to the room. Thither I went, and as there was only a small lamp burning, I could not easily be discovered—I heard her laughing and talking gaily in her dressing room—strange feelings came over me—a thousand lights seemed to dance before my eyes—a difficulty of breathing, and a confused sensation of pain oppressed me—when I came to myself I was leaning against the wall, and my hand convulsively grasping the dagger.

The door opened, and Rosalie with several others, came into the passage—I waited until she was nearly opposite to me, when I let fall the cloak with which I had concealed my face, and exclaimed "do you know me!—I am Edgar Leonard!"—She shrieked at the mention, and I buried my dagger in her bosom!"——

He paused—his countenance was livid, and he bit his lip till the blood spouted on the table before him.—After a few moments he became more composed, and hastily swallowing a glass of wine, proceeded—

"I remember nothing afterwards until I found myself in the street—my hand felt stiff, and when I held it up in the moonlight, I discovered that it was blood—the truth flashed across my bewildered mind—'twas Rosalie's life-blood! the dagger, too, looked dim—that too was stained with the blood of her, for whom, but one short hour previous to the fatal disclosure of her inconstancy, every drop in my own veins should have freely flowed!—I knew not how I got there, but I was in the boat, and I remember telling the men to land me on the opposite shore. I wished to fly, if possible, from thought, and embarked under a feigned name in a vessel for Colombia, intending to join the Patriots. On our passage we were captured by this vessel, and as I was now an outcast from society, I gladly joined them, and at the death of their captain I was chosen the commander.

I am weary of life, yet, although a murderer, I cannot con-

mit suicide. I have courted death, but it shuns me—so true it is, that

“Life’s strange principle will longest lie
Deepest in those who wish the most to die.”

You have now heard the history of my ill-fated life—but I have something more with you”—with this, he opened a chest and drew thence a bag of gold—“Take this,” said he,—“it may benefit you—me it never can—and yet,” he bitterly added, *that at one time, perhaps, would have made me the happiest of mortals in the possession of my*”—He stopped short—and suddenly clasping his hands to his forehead, he reeled and sunk senseless on the floor, ere I could recover from the bewildering maze which had seized upon my faculties.—He slowly recovered, and, when he seemed somewhat composed, I endeavored to persuade him to renounce his present mode of life, and again return to the bosom of civilized society—“Never!” exclaimed he, with a vehemence which made me shrink back with terror—“Never shall my outlawed foot pollute the soil of my much injured country—some speedy vengeance may here close my hated existence—but to bear in retirement those stings of remorse with which my guilt-stricken conscience is afflicted, would be worse than a thousand deaths on the ocean, where every nerve would be firmly strung in the conflict.” His firmness awed me into silence, and I felt no inclination to renew my endeavors to avert him from his purpose.

In a few days we fell in with a vessel bound to Charleston, in which I obtained a passage, and, after bidding an affectionate farewell to the youthful commander of the pirate, to whose attention and kindness I was mainly indebted for my restoration to health, we kept on our course homeward, and his little barque was soon beyond the reach of our observance. When the last glimpse was extinct, (and until then I stood motionless on the deck,) I retired to the cabin, where I found that not only my baggage had been safely and carefully delivered through his orders, but that the gold which I had intentionally left in the cabin of the corsair, was also placed in the hands of the captain, to be delivered to me.

After a pleasant run of five days we reached our destined port, and it being the sabbath day on which we landed, my first duty was fulfilled in repairing to the church and offering up my grateful acknowledgements for the signal display of the finger of providence in my behalf,—and in which a prayer for the *unfortunate pirate* was not forgotten.”

[ORIGINAL.]

A FRAGMENT.

WELL! I have determined—lightly it may be—but when there is nothing to live for—nothing that the heart craves anxiously and devotedly, life is but a kind of prison house from which we would be freed.

I feel even at this moment a something of impatience to know what death is—and although I am now writing the very last words this hand will ever trace—yet even the outward show—the trifles of the world beguile me—

The ink is not good—I have stirred it—'tis better now, and I have mended my pen—'tis disagreeable, even if it is our very last letter, to write with a bad pen—a blot!—I must erase it—*this* when an hour will finish my existence!—an existence of wretchedness—one of weary, bitter disappointment.

I feel as if hungry, and suddenly a sumptuous feast before me—surfeiting myself—revelling in my thoughts—indulging in what I have been afraid to think of—I have but a short hour to live, and the ticking of the clock before me, seems a laughing spectator of my death—I wish it had life—it would not then be so gay—nay, it might be a partner of my melancholy.

Pshaw! this pen—surely my hand must have trembled when I made it—I have held it up to the light—Heavens! my hand does tremble—No! 'tis only the flickering of the lamp.

It will—at least it may be asked, why I have done this—they may say I was insane—the body which is earthed cannot feel their taunts, and the soul cares not.

I have a strange wish even at this time—it is that some maiden would plant flowers on my grave—which my mortality would add life to.

When there is no hope—no cheering prospect to brighten, no land to mark the bewildered seaman's way—why not try death?

“And come it slow or come it fast,
It is but death that comes at last.”

There are many who would rather linger in a life of wretchedness, disappointment—and other causes which blight many a youthful heart, and make ruin and desolation in the warmest feelings—yes! even the lip must smile and the eye be gay—although when night brings us to our couch we

unconsciously wish it was for the last time.

Such is man—such is mankind!—I have still one half hour to live—one half hour!—yet I look around me as if it was the journey of a day, and not an eternal adieu!—Why should I live? Delighting in one object, and she

“The fairest flow’r that glittered on a stem
To wither at my grasp.”

No more—the pistol—I have loaded it—the balls are new—quite bright—they will soon be in my heart—Incomprehensible death—what art thou?

I have put the pistol to my bosom—it snapped—I had forgotten to prime it—I must do it—

In the act of doing so it went off, and I awoke and found myself rolling on the floor, having fallen from my bed in the agitation of a most strange and singular DREAM. W. H. P.

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN.

Despair! despair!—oh what art thou?

I wish to know thee now—

Art in the blue seas wave
That fair would lave
The tow’ring mountain’s base,
Yet can only chase
The ocean’s sands away?

Or art thou in the childish cry
That mourns for you bright moon on high?
Or art thou (when the wilding sea
Is raging fierce, tempestuously)

In the seaman’s heart
When forced to part
From all his soul holds dear,
With nought to leave but one sad tear?—

Or art thou when bright swords are flashing
And gay and glorious souls are dashing,
In vain to save a hero’s life?

Who falls—but ’tis in honor’s strife—
Or art thou with the lover?
When Hope itself is over—

————— *What shriek is there?*
It is Despair—

That wildly,—madly cries, “I’m there.” W. H. P.

RECOLLECTIONS

THIS story, obviously a fiction of Henry's own imagining, again uses, as its principal character, the romantic figure of his runaway brother. It is not unlikely that we have here the origin of Edgar's obviously apocryphal narrative, related to Mrs. Shew, sometime during the summer of 1847, of a mythical adventure in Spain, for which see the chapter entitled *The Universe and Mrs. Shew in Israfel*. This is an example of how Edgar upon different occasions incorporated the "recollections" of Henry into his autobiographical legend.

RECOLLECTIONS.

In travelling some years since in Spain it happened that I arrived early in the morning at the small yet beautiful and romantic village of De V-- A--, situated immediately on the coast. I had seen the ocean in its wildest anger, and in its soft and soul-subduing calmness—but I had never seen any thing half so beautiful as the enchanting scene which now met my delighted eyes. On the right, towering mountains here and there decked with a small patch of green that indicated the industry of the owner of the small hut which peeped almost with a conscious bashfulness through the luxuriant vines—blushing in their fulness that their beauty claimed no richer lord;—and on the other side the blue waters of the classic Mediterranean, rolling gently in as if totally unconscious of its own wild and terrific power,

“Slumbering as a giant in his strength.”

To heighten the scene several urchins with the dark black eyes and brilliant colored dresses peculiar to Spain, were sporting in the sun as if they wished to take advantage of the sleeping waters—Envious lot!—where is the being that does not look back to those days,

“When peace had o'er him power.”

I almost wished, isolated as I felt myself, to pass my days here—but I had a brother whose absence from his friends for several years, on account of a slight misunderstanding, had induced me, at the request of a loved parent whose eyes had been recently closed in death, to visit this coast in search of him, to use my endeavors to persuade him to return to his home. With this duty before me, I had employed no inconsiderable portion of my time in its performance, and however reluctant I might feel to leave this interesting spot, duty required that I should stay no longer than to make the necessary enquiries.

After seeing my mules accommodated, and having dined rather sumptuously, taking a Spanish inn with its fare into consideration, (although not without thinking of Gil Blas and his ragouts) I strolled out on the beach—After walking a considerable distance, musing on the almost romantic cause of my travels, and the slight chance I had of succeeding, I seated myself in a recess in the rocks to enjoy more leisurely the beauties that surrounded me.

I had learnt that Leonard, my brother, had been seen in some part of Spain leading a wild and reckless life—indeed, it was believed that he had commanded a corsair or smuggler, on the coast, but as it was merely a report, the fact could not be sufficiently established for my entire belief.

It was now dark, and the heavy clouds that flitted hastily before the moon foretold that the sea lately so calm and beautiful, would soon be agitated by a storm; the hollow moaning of the surf as it rolled heavily in and broke more fiercely, confirmed it. Dreading to be exposed to the weather, and feeling it time to return, I prepared to do so, when I perceived a boat swiftly approaching the shore—startled at this in so retired a situation, I again concealed myself in the recess, after having cast an anxious and hurried look to a vessel at anchor within the breakers, and not more than half a mile distant. It was evident the boat belonged to her, and I could not help thinking it was some mad infatuation or egregious folly, that could induce a man to anchor in such a situation, particularly as there was now every sign of a tempest which needed not the experienced eye of a seaman to confirm.

I had not long observed their motions before a young man landed from the boat, and after speaking to one of the men, ran hastily up the mountains. I marked his course, but the darkness at the moment prevented my seeing whether he took the road to the village, or the one on the left which led to a nunnery.

Although wishing to return home, I felt almost afraid to expose myself to the seamen—so dreadful were the tales related by my landlord, of the desperate acts of the Spanish smugglers, and you may be assured appearances were not in favor of those men—every one of them was armed, and as the moon gleamed on their long knives, I was fully convinced it was much safer to be in my hiding place than to run any risk.

One of the men, a tall, hereulean fellow, seemed to pace the sands with a great deal of impatience, and as I was but a short distance off, I could distinctly hear all he said.

“Another fool’s errand,” exclaimed he—“but the game will be up this time I’m thinking—those northeasters, when they do blow, blow it out.”

“Yes, indeed!” answered another—“these Levanters are curious winds—I remember one dark night off Alicant, in the Sophia”——

“Silence! and mind your boat,” said the first—do you want her to thump her bottom out—Beach her, boy! beach her!” At the instant he spoke, a flash, followed by a report from the ship appeared to add to his impatience.

“Ay, there must be something now! for our love-sick captain left word if there was any danger, to fire—and old Truly is not the boy to be frightened with trifles—Another gun! and a light at the mast head! exclaimed the irritated seaman, as the signals were made which he mentioned—“Heavens! ’tis too much, to risk as fine a vessel as ever floated, and as gallant a crew as ever manned a ship, for the sake of a woman.”

“Ay! you may well say that,” replied the seaman who had first interrupted him—“these women are fearful things—in fact I have almost a kind of disliking to our captain’s long weather cloak—it puts one so much in mind of a petticoat.”

“Up oars, boys!” shouted the coxwain—the captain and a lady”——

The moon which had been apparently struggling to throw a little light, was now totally obscured, and I had no opportunity of discovering any thing more than what I had overheard,—that the captain was accompanied by a lady.

They were all now in the boat which dashed gallantly off in the direction of the vessel, and I soon heard the seamen weighing anchor. Curiosity chained me to the spot—to save the vessel seemed almost impossible, as the wind had now increased to a gale, and blew directly on shore—she would have to beat out, and the least mismanagement would send her on the reef, where the foam in the occasional light of the moon shone with a terrific whiteness.

At length the sails were spread—and I could perceive her stretching across between the breakers, and I now began to entertain some hope;—they had one mere tack to make ere she would clear the shoals, and as she stood gallantly on the very edge of them, I muttered a fervent prayer for their safety. I could hear even amid the noise of the winds and waves the hoarse voice which called the men to their stations—my heart felt as if ’twas freezing;—it was now, or never! Gracious heaven!—she missed stays, and in a moment was in the breakers, hardly to be distinguished from the mass of foam that surrounded her!——

The next day many of the bodies drifted on shore, among them that of a lady who had eloped from the convent the evening preceding. I looked for some time for her companion, and at last discovered him—but when I brushed the sand from his brow, what was my horror on discovering the countenance of my *long-sought Brother!* W. H. P.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES, written extempore on a tombstone with a pencil—1827.

There is a something in this holy place
That winds itself around the wearied--tired heart--
So still--nought save the moaning wind
As it rushes thro' the wild and rankling grass--
(Flourishing green with the bloom of youth--
Luxuriant with the loveliness of life:)
Waking the thoughts which wander
To another and a better world--
And this I gaze upon in *Beauty's* grave!
Can the charms that circled in this fairy form
Die forever?--Must the soul that spoke in eyes
Which shone as light'ning from the summer skies,
Moulder in the dust? Must it sleep on
As if the grave would never ope again?
If there is no *Eternity*--why shrink?
Why languish here?--when *Death* would be a blank--
An end forever!--'Tis this reason,
This innate fear of what is reasonable!--
Can'st gaze on that bright heaven
And say, "*there is no Eternity!*"--the dumb language
Of those peopled stars--the rustling of the summer
wind
Speak to the doubting ear--*Believe!* W. H. P.

[ORIGINAL.]

ON SEEING A LADY SLEEPING.

Dream'st thou of love?

Are sunny thoughts now playing o'er thy brain?
Or is it wilder'd with an anguish'd pain?—
Are other worlds now living in thy breast
Where *Hope* lies still as if she fain would rest,
And *Care* is flying, in the distance seen
With wildest eye, and sad despairing mien—
As if now jealous of the smile that plays
Upon those lips—like thoughts of other days
Crossing the mind with sad and mournful sweetness—
With smiling sighs—sighs for their transient fleetness—
—Or is a thought of madness in thy heart?
Of disappointment—rashness—and the smart,
Of wounded love! around thee stealing,
With all its wildness—bitterness of feeling,
That wears the soul—as if it lov'd to be
Banqueting on youthful hearts in madden'd ecstasy?

W. H. P.

[ORIGINAL.]

WATERS OF LIFE.

There are thoughts so wild in our childhood's hours,
That they charm the soul in its early dreaming—
We gaze and we clasp life's with'ring flowers
While joy in our eye is gladly beaming.

Ah little we reck while life's tide is flowing,
In laughing waves that will break at last,
That all those fond hopes which are fair and glowing,
Will languish and die when our youth is past.

Yes! gaily we sport on life's sunny sea,
With our oars of *Hope* in the waters plashing—
And gaily is flying life's brilliant spray
As thro' the waters we're madly dashing.

The waters of *Life!* are they gently stealing,
Or do they come in their sternest power?
Wild'ring the soul with the wildest feeling,
Wearing the heart in its sadden'd hour.

W. H. P.

POEMS FROM THE *Saturday Evening Post*

READERS of this popular American periodical may be interested to learn that recently we have discovered that Poe's brother was also a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia. The two poems given below appear in the issues of January 20 and February 3, 1827, respectively. The first is signed with the familiar initials W. H. P., the second has as signature W. A. P., but there is no reason to doubt a mere misprint in the latter case. No other writings appear in the paper at this period which seem to be connected with him. The discovery, however, suggests that other newspapers and magazines of the day might yield more writings of the adventurous sailor. But we may add that some of the Baltimore weeklies like the *Saturday Herald*, most likely to have printed such writings, seem not to be preserved, except in a few scattered issues.

The file of the *Post* consulted is in the Ridgeway Avenue branch of the Library Company of Philadelphia. Early copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, then a folio newspaper, are extremely rare.

JACOB'S DREAM

Inspir'd by faith's illuming ray
To seek a home unknown,
Pensive the Patriarch trod his way,
Trusting in God alone.

Full many a wishful look he cast,
The wide, wide world around,
As on in solitude he passed,
Absorb'd in thought profound.

Dim night anon its curtain drew,
Soft slumber lent repose
When straight a figured scale in view,
With awful grandeur rose:

Then he beheld an angel throng
Strew'd o'er the glittering line,
That up and downward pass'd along
On embassies divine.

While yet the mystic pencil wrought
The visionary scene,
The soul new kindling fervours caught—
A glow of joy serene:

Though sunk in deep oblivion's rest,
Each outward sense enchained,
There sprang an Eden in his breast—
Divine communion reigned.

Ah! why distrustful mortals, why
Renounce celestial care?
The arm that wields yon orbs on high
Sustains each atom here!

Sooner shall fail the mother's heart
Towards the infant son;
Sooner the floods their course depart,
And to their fountains run—

Than the blest streams of heav'nly love
In constant tides to flow,
From their enchantless source above,
To cherish man below!

The sun may set in lasting night,
The changeful moon decay—
And every brilliant star of light,
Fall from its sphere away!

Yet form'd on virtue's lofty scale
From height to height to soar,
And o'er the grave and death prevail
When time shall be no more.

Still shall the soul's essential fire
(Spark of the world of mind),
Burn on unquenched, when these expire,
And leave no trace behind.

While measuring out life's little span
Of sorrows, crosses, joys,
Dispensed in mercy all to man—
And speaking wisdom's voice.

His Maker's Omnipresent pow'r
And watchful providence,
Are round him every live-long hour,
A succor and defence!

The meek and "contrite heart" he sways
And makes his temple there;
Attunes its trembling chords to praise,
And gratitude, and prayer.

He bids each boisterous tumult cease,
While hope high-winged o'er Time
Like Noah's dove in search of peace,
Soars to a happier clime.

PSALM 139TH

Lord! thou hast searched and scanned me through,
My inmost soul hast open thrown;
Naked I stand before thy view—
Each thought far off to thee is known.

My daily paths thou art among—
Around me, where I lay my head;
Thou know'st each word upon my tongue,
And spiest through all the walks I tread.

Filled with abasement and amaze—
Trembling before thee low I bend;
Such knowledge, such mysterious ways
I cannot reach, nor comprehend.

Where from thy presence shall I fly?
And whither from thy spirit go;
If I ascend to heaven on high—
Or make my bed in hell below,

Of if I take the wings of morn,
And dwell amid the utmost sea;
Thou still art there! no distant bourne—
From thy right hand shall set me free!

If of the darkness I should say,
'Twill surely veil me—lo! the night,
Pierced by the all-pervading ray—
Around me shines with radiant light.

Alike to thee, night's sable veil,
And the full day's meridian blaze;
Thou source of light that ne'er shall fail,
And life that knows no end of days!

Thee will I praise—for thou hast joined
Thus fearfully my wondrous frame;
Thy marvellous works, Eternal mind!
All good, thy glorious power proclaim.

POE'S BROTHER



The *North American*, in which appeared the poems and prose items of William Henry Poe that are here reproduced, was published in Baltimore, in 1827. The name and the location of its publisher are given frequently throughout its various issues, as in the following notice:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED by SAMUEL SANDS, at the North East corner of Gay and Water sts. opposite the Exchange, Baltimore, at FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable at the expiration of six months.

BOOK and JOB PRINTING, of every description, executed in the neatest manner and on the most liberal terms, at the office of the *North American*.—MERCHANTS' and MAGISTRATES' BLANKS constantly on hand for sale.

This obscure sheet, typical of many will-o'-the-wisp magazines of the early 19th century in America, was, as the prospectus states, published every Saturday, as a quarto (of eight pages, three columns to the page) on fine super-royal paper, with new brevier type. It succeeded a former venture of Sands—*The Saturday Herald*, a weekly literary paper—a folio of four pages to the issue, of which but two single issues are now preserved, despite the three years of the paper's

existence, so that little can be said of it save that it printed much verse, and perhaps some of Henry Poe's. The publisher also printed a journal called the *Commercial Record*, and was at different times connected with many other Baltimore papers. The full title of the *North American* (which, of course, should not be confused with the *North American Review* of contemporary date, then published from Washington Street, Boston), was the *North American—Or, Weekly Journal of Politics, Science and Literature*, a caption which sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents.

The notice reproduced on page 77, taken from page six of the magazine (which is paged continuously from 1 to 224) announced the advent of the paper.

The magazine, the contents of which were largely clipped, after a custom then well-nigh universal, from foreign and domestic journals of the time, ran for a little more than six months, from Volume I, number 1, of May 19, 1827, to Volume I, number 28, of November 24, 1827. In the twenty-seventh number, Sands, perhaps finding many subscriptions advertised as "payable at the end of six months" uncollectable, offered the paper for sale. And in the next number, he explained that not having been able to dispose of the paper, and being unable, owing to a new undertaking, to continue it, he was resolved to bring the *North American* to a close. The new undertaking, we know, was the semi-weekly political newspaper, called *The Marylander*, which was established in December, by Baltimore supporters of President John

NORTH AMERICAN.

BALTIMORE: SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1827.

We have the pleasure of presenting to-day, the first number of the North American, to the publick.

Our readers are most respectfully referred to the Prospectus on our last page for the objects which are contemplated, and the terms upon which this journal will be published.

In taking rank with our contemporaries, every fair and honorable means will be employed to uphold the character of the press in our country, and we shall leave it to a generous and enlightened people to judge if our journal be worthy of their patronage.

Subscribers in the country will receive with the present number, our "COMMERCIAL RECORD," which will be furnished to the patrons only of the North American, at \$1 per annum. It will also be found a valuable assistant to store-keepers and others in the city. For particulars see "CONDITIONS."

Editors throughout the United States who receive the NORTH AMERICAN will please to send us their journals in exchange.

We have copied into our first page from the Franklin Journal an account of the Automaton Chess Player, now exhibiting by Mr. Maelzel in this city. The ingenuity displayed by Von Kempelen in the construction of his chess player has long puzzled the curious in all the capitals of Europe, and has excited no little attention where it has been exhibited in the United States. That the true solution of its movements is given in the essay before us, Mr. Maelzel only can decide;—for our part we believe it to be the most rational.

Quincy Adams. Its editor was the brilliant Edward C. Pinkney,¹ who published in it no original verses, save his own! Henry Poe probably lost no money, but considerable pleasure, when the *North American* ceased publication. If few mourned it, fewer preserved it, and only three or four files are known.

The chief interest in this old periodical now consists in the fact that there undoubtedly appear in it items from both the pens of William Henry Leonard Poe and Edgar Allan Poe. These generally appear under the caption "original," and show that they were given directly to the *North American* by Henry Poe and not copied from some other source. The reason for knowing that these items were contributed by Henry Poe lies in the evidence that they appear for the most part under the initials "W. H. P." (William Henry Poe) and that they refer to events in the life of Edgar Allan Poe, notably his love affair with Miss Sarah Elmira Royster of Richmond, Virginia, his flight from Richmond under an assumed name in March 1827, and his publication of *Tamerlane* a few months later in Boston.

It will be perfectly evident to Poe students, from much surrounding evidence in the publication of these poems in Baltimore in 1827, that they are from the pen of William Henry Poe. What definitely fixes the matter beyond all doubt, however, is that on page 144 of the *North American* appears over Henry's initials, "W. H. P.," a variant of the stanzas entitled "The Happiest day—the Happiest hour," which Edgar pub-

¹The interested reader is referred to the *Life and Works of Pinkney* for full account of this journal.

lished about the same time in *Tamerlane* at Boston. Page 144 of the magazine falls in the issue of Saturday, September 15, 1827. Edgar Poe was in Boston, Massachusetts, from some time in April 1827 to October 30, 1827. During that time *Tamerlane* appeared, probably in May or June. There would, therefore, have been plenty of time for Edgar to have sent his brother Henry a copy of the book, and for Henry to have inserted the stanzas as they now appear over his initials.

The order of the appearance of Henry's work in the *North American* shows that certainly after the issue of July 28, 1827, Henry Poe was a fairly regular contributor. It is apparent that his poetry and prose frequently dealt with episodes in the life of his romantic younger brother and in two cases he actually reproduced some of the stanzas from Edgar Poe's first book.

Nor was Henry alone interested in treating the story of Poe and Elmira Royster. This romantic episode, which provided all the machinery of a stock love-plot of the period, was probably much discussed about the office of the *North American*, where Henry was doubtless familiar with the staff and contributors. Among these contributors was L. A. Wilmer, afterwards known as an intimate friend of Edgar's, and the author of *The Quacks of Helicon*. Wilmer evidently became familiar with the unfortunate events of Edgar's love affair with Elmira in Richmond, and as Henry had treated it with romantic license in *The Pirate*, Wilmer in a more fantastic version had already

used it as the plot of *Merlin*, a poetic drama in three acts, which he contributed to the pages of the *North American* for three consecutive numbers, beginning August 18. In *Merlin*, Elmira is retained as the heroine of the piece, and one "Marcus" who plays the part of the constant friend, adjures "Elmira" to remain faithful to her absent lover "Alphonso". "Elmira's" habitation is removed from the banks of the James to those of the Hudson. That Wilmer was the author of *Merlin* is revealed by Poe in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, February 1836, in reviewing that worthy's *Confessions of Emilia Harrington*. There Poe is at some pains to call attention to the fact that Wilmer is the author of "the touching lines *To Mira*" (reprinted in December 1835 in the *Messenger* from the *North American*, where they had been called *To Mary*) and "*Merlin*, a drama—some portions of which are full of the truest poetic fire." Wilmer had possession before 1829 of a manuscript copy of *Tamerlane*; he had used the story in his play, and he changed the title of a poem, perhaps because he thought his friend still mourned his lost love. The little tragedy had found three settings—in *Tamerlane*, in *The Pirate*, and in *Merlin*—clear proof how quickly Poe had seized the imaginations of those with whom he came in contact—how readily he became the Byronic hero of his friends, as was the darling desire of his own heart.

Hence the relation between the two Poe brothers was essentially romantic. They were both orphans of the

same doubtlessly much idolized but little-known-to-them actress mother. Henry had been raised in Baltimore and Edgar in Richmond, then a long journey apart. Consequently, they had seen little of each other, and their touch must largely have been through what we may be sure was an adolescently romantic correspondence. By 1824 some real romance and tragedy was injected into this. An attack was made on the legitimacy of the boys' sister, and consequently on the reputation of their mother, by Edgar's guardian in Richmond. "*God forbid, my dear Henry, that we should visit upon the living the errors of the dead*" . . . etc., etc., in a most curious letter. It is almost certain that the hints of Mr. Allan were unjustified. This undoubtedly brought the two boys closer together. In 1825 Henry visits Edgar in Richmond. Edgar was living in "a great mansion" just acquired through money inherited by his guardian, and he must have seemed to Henry to be leading a sort of magic existence. During this visit both the brothers call on the beautiful and juvenile Miss Royster, who seems also to have made a vivid impression on Henry. Soon after Henry learns that that lucky dog Edgar is engaged to the young lady, and also attending the University of Virginia. Then suddenly, in 1827, all the brilliant career of the adopted son "of the richest man in Virginia," presumptive heir to the Galt-Allan thousands, the princely lover of Elmira, is blighted! Edgar has found love's first sweet dream a delusion. The fair one has been ravished from her lover's arms and

made to consent to marry a rich suitor favored by her parents. Yet more—Edgar, that star-crossed youth, has fled the mansion of his rich, but obstinate guardian—

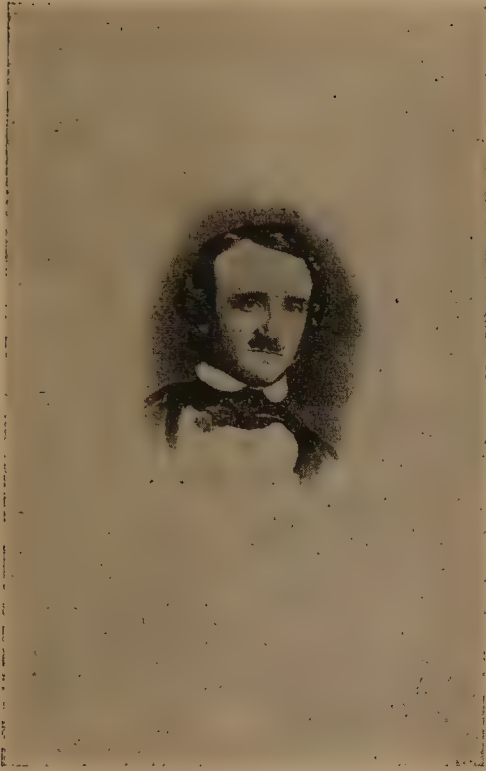
“Another brow may e'en inherit
The venom thou hast pour'd on me”—

fled to Boston, published a volume of poems bewailing his lot, and joined the army ready for any adventure. And it was all true! Could any one, any two brothers under such circumstances, even now, have failed to appreciate the romantic values of the situation—especially two poetical, melancholic brothers—and this was in 1827! The plot of the story, which had actually happened, reads like the epitome of an ideal novel or play of the time.

It is known that Edgar sent out several copies of *Tamerlane* from Boston. Henry, we may be sure, got one. And probably it spurred him to greater effort, for there would have been some rivalry as well as a comradeship between the boys over their poetry. Indeed one almost can suspect Henry was “influenced” in one poem, “I've Loved Thee,” by Edgar's early verse.

Finally, there is the problem of how much collaboration there was between the two brothers. Did Henry contribute to the *Tamerlane* volume, did he revise the poems he reprinted thence; did Edgar write *The Pirate*, or any of the verses ascribed to Henry alone?

That the poetry was not the product of collaboration is argued by the superior merit of Edgar's pieces.



EDGAR ALLAN POE
in the 1840's

Photograph of daguerreotype reversed. Only part
of the original is reproduced.

Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

The prose is less easy to decide on, but *The Pirate* is the product of two lives, of two brains—who shall say how many pens were used?

At the time Edgar published *Tamerlane* and Henry contributed to the *North American*, neither could write great poetry. They were, however, most interesting, most romantic, and rather strange young men, alive in an even stranger America that lies buried beneath the skyscrapers. It was a unique and most fascinating country, not nearly so familiar to Americans nowadays as ancient Athens—or—shall we say Troy?



"...The Automaton Chess-Player was invented in 1769, by Baron Kempelen, a nobleman of Presburg, in Hungary, who afterwards disposed of it, together with the secret of its operations, to its present possessor.* Soon after its completion it was exhibited in Presburgh, Paris, Vienna, and other continental cities. In 1783 and 1784, it was taken to London by Mr. Maelzel. Of late years it has visited the principal towns in the United States. Wherever seen, the most intense curiosity was excited by its appearance, and numerous have been the attempts, by men of all classes, to fathom the mystery of its evolutions. The cut above gives a tolerable representation of the figure as seen by the citizens of Richmond a few weeks ago. The right arm, however, should lie more at length upon the box, a chess-board should appear upon it, and the cushion should not be seen while the pipe is held. Some immaterial alterations have been made in the costume of the player since it came into the possession of Maelzel—the plume, for example, was not originally worn..."

* This was written in 1835, when Mr. Maelzel, recently deceased, was exhibiting the Chess-Player in the United States.

Illustration and part of the text from Edgar Allan Poe's
Maelzel's Chess Player

Reproduction, somewhat reduced, of the first two pages of the first number of the *North American* containing material dealing with the Automaton Chess Player copied from the *Franklin Journal* of Philadelphia. This article perhaps had some share in the genesis of Edgar Poe's article *Maelzel's Chess Player* in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for April 1836, though Poe was indebted to other sources. It is possible that this *North American* article, though clearly not Poe's, gave rise to the rumor alluded to by Woodberry of a previous Baltimore publication of Poe's essay.

NOTES

Bibliographical and Literary

NOTES

PAGE references for the periodicals to which Henry Poe is known to have contributed are given below. A few notes on persons and things alluded to have been added in brief compass. These are indeed less exhaustive than we could wish; perhaps later students may add to our knowledge of these writings. Henry frequently echoed the greater writers of his day—we have referred little to the reminiscences which may strike an observant reader of the Romantic Poets, except in our notes on Edgar's poems. Six of the quotations in Henry's poems remain unlocated still—see pages 40, 44, 47, 61, and 65.

I. Henry Poe's contributions to the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* for 1827, Volume VI.

JACOB'S DREAM No. 286, p. 1; January 20.
See *Genesis* xxviii for the subject. The quotation "contrite heart" is however from *Psalms* li, 17. In the 27th line the *Post* misprints "your" for "yon" and in the 58th "wakes" for "makes".

PSALM 139TH No. 288, p. 1; February 3.

II. Henry Poe's contributions to the Baltimore *North American* for 1827, Volume I.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS E. S. B. No. 11, p. 87; July 28.
No such lady has been identified through the death notices available.

OH, GIVE THAT SMILE No. 12, p. 96; August 4.
An air, *I attempt from love's sickness to fly* from Henry Purcell's *Indian Queen* was still popular in the early 19th century (Cummings, *Purcell*, p. 61) but Henry may name correctly an ephemeral song, not found by us.

IN A POCKET-BOOK, ETC. No. 13, p. 102; August 11.

MONTEVIDEO No. 19, pp. 146-147; September 22.

- TO R. No. 19, p. "452" (152); September 22.
 R. may stand for Rosa. This is a bit of evidence in favor of the theory Henry's sweetheart, as well as his sister, bore the name of Rose.
- ["I'VE LOVED THEE"] No. 20, p. 160; September 29.
 This is much in the style of Edgar's early verse.
- ["SCENES OF MY LOVE"] No. 21, p. 163; October 6.
 A Byronic poem—probably this, and the two poems preceding refer to one affair of Henry Poe's.
- THE PIRATE No. 24, p. 189; October 27.
 The lines are from Byron's *Don Juan*, IV, xi, 7-8. That the opening stanzas of this canto were familiar to Edgar Poe is witnessed by his quoting IV, vi, 3 in the twelfth item of his *Pinakidia*.
- A FRAGMENT No. 25, p. 196; November 3.
 "And come it slow, etc." Scott's *Marmion*, II, xxx, 11-12.
- ["DESPAIR"] No. 25, p. 200; November 3.
- RECOLLECTIONS No. 26, p. 205; November 10.
 Le Sage's hero, *Gil Blas*, dines constantly at Spanish inns—but we do not know just what ragoûts Henry Poe has in mind. See Book IV, Chap. ix, however.
- LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ETC. No. 26, p. 208; November 10.
- ON SEEING A LADY SLEEPING No. 27, p. 216; November 17.
- WATERS OF LIFE No. 28, p. 224; November 24.

Poems by Edgar Allan Poe sent by William Henry Poe to the Baltimore *North American*, 1827.

1. ["THE HAPPIEST DAY"] No. 8, p. 144; September 15.
 This had earlier appeared in the *Tamerlane* volume at pages 33-34. In the second line Poe seems to echo Byron's *Fare Thee Well*, xiv, 3:
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted
 which probably influenced *Politian*, VII (IV) 28, and possibly *Tamerlane* (1827 version) l. 28 as well.
 In line 23, Prof. Killis Campbell hears an echo of Byron's *Manfred*, I, i, 233;—
 An essence which hath strength to kill.
2. DREAMS No. 23, p. 184; October 20.
 This had appeared in the *Tamerlane* volume at pages 26-27. Prof. Campbell points out that lines 17-18 echo Byron's *The Dream*, lines 19f;—
 The mind can make
 Substance, and people planets of its own
 With beings brighter than have been.
 The lines also perhaps affected Poe's *A Dream Within A Dream* ll. 6-7. Line 19 recurs in part in the first line of the second *To Helen*
 I saw thee once—once only—years ago.

NOTE ON THE COLLABORATION

THE first discovery of William Henry Poe as a contributor to the *North American* was made when Dr. Mabbott observed one of the two of Edgar Poe's poems over the letters W. H. P. This occurred in the fall of 1924, when he and Capt. F. L. Pleadwell were seated together, examining the Library of Congress file, in a search for periodical publications of Pinkney's works. See the brief notice of this in *Notes and Queries*, April 3, 1926, (Vol. 150, p. 241). The two poems in the *Saturday Evening Post* were found later by Dr. Mabbott in searching for Pinkney's poems. Rumors have reached us of other writings of Henry Poe—but on authority of a very doubtful character. The verses *Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!*, first printed in the *Baltimore No Name Magazine* of October, 1889, might be considered as possibly Henry's, though the general testimony is that they are 'prentice work of Edgar's. It is probable that much verse of Henry Poe's, and perhaps some of Edgar's, has perished with the now lost literary weeklies of the late twenties and early thirties. Mr. Allen discovered the date of Henry's death, hitherto incorrectly given, the connection of *Merlin* with the Poe story, and assembled the biographical data. The writing of the book is the result of collaboration.

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MR 31 '64

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